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Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. III.—No. 127.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1886. [ONE PENNY.

MOURNFUL NEWS FROM MORECAMBE.

"Poor Pa has at length come to the end of his Seaside Tour, and, as I expected, the leave-taking at Morecambe was of the most pathetic nature. Amongst the vast concourse of celebrities assembled, not a dry eye was visible. Papa was so overcome, that I entertain the worst fears as to his health."—TOOTSIE.

SLOPER'S SILHOUETTES.

No. 10.—*Some More Novel Advertisements.*

CHAPTER I.—Jack Bobstay, the pride of the ladies, parades Shoe Lane as a Gallant Admiral.

CHAPTER II.—Bill Thunder, the terror of children, looks and feels every inch a Brave General.

CHAPTER III.—Sawny Sikes at last has his wish, and comes out as a full-blown "Copper."

OLD CONVICT LIFE.

THE convict settlement in New South Wales was for a long time, according to Bonwick, an ugly place to reside in. Captain Cheyne, Inspector of Public Works, referred, he says, to the existence of "a fearful degree of depravity, unparalleled in any age," while an English clergyman called the island "that den of thieves, that cave of robbers, that cage of unclean birds, that isthmus between earth and hell."

Hither, in 1798, came the famous pickpocket, George Barrington. On the journey out the captain, a kind-hearted man, had freed many of the convicts who were in a weakly state from their irons, and permitted them alternately, ten at a time, to walk on deck. Two of them (Americans) resolved to seize the ship, and got the majority to join in the plot. It was agreed that on the first favourable opportunity part of those who were on deck should force the arm-chest, overpower the sentinels, and give a signal for those below to join them. One day the captain and most of the officers being below, Barrington, who was the only man on deck except the man at the helm, heard a noise on the main-deck, and, going to ascertain the cause, was met by two of the mutineers, who presented a sabre at his breast and bade him keep silence. A sentinel arriving knocked up the weapon, on which Barrington, seizing a handspike, felled his assailants to the ground. The man at the wheel gave the alarm, but the rest of the mutineers rushed upon him, and the captain and crew poured up on deck and rescued our hero, who had already disabled

many of his antagonists. An attempt of this kind required signal punishment, therefore two of the ringleaders were hanged at the yard arm, and several others severely flogged. The captain, in gratitude, supplied Barrington with every comfort whilst he remained on board, gave him one hundred dollars, and permission to go on shore as often as he chose, and, finally, made such a favourable report of his conduct that, arriving at his destination, he was made a superintendent of convicts at Paramatta, of which place he eventually became high constable.

The particulars of a visit he did the Governor's wife the honour to pay her have been charmingly described by John Lang. Bidden by the Governor to attend at his house, and finding that functionary absent, he introduced himself with graceful ease, praised and petted the children, talked floriculture, and having picked her pocket and eased her of her earrings, restored the stolen property unasked, introduced himself with magnificent humility as "Barrington, the Illustrious Pickpocket," whose hand had "plucked from ladies of rank and wealth jewels that realized upwards of thirty-five thousand pounds;" and when the startled yet secretly admiring lady remonstrated, said, more in sorrow than in anger, grandiloquently, "Ah, madam, such is the change that oft comes o'er the affairs of men! There was a time when ladies boasted of having been robbed by me—by Barrington. Many whom I had never robbed gave it out that I had done so simply that they might be talked about. Alas, such is the weakness of poor human nature, that some people care not by what means they associate their names with the name of any celebrity. I was in POWER then; now in *bondage!* 'Barrington has my diamond earrings!' once exclaimed the old Countess of Kettlebank, clasping her hands. Her ladyship's statement was—well—incorrect. Her diamonds were paste, and she knew it, and I—I caused them to be returned to her, but I did not expose her secret."

In Paramatta Barrington is said to have very faithfully discharged his duties, but he did not outlive his sentence. In 1804 he died, a mere skeleton, and idiotic. It was supposed that his imbecility was brought on by remorse. That may or may not have been. His life was a sadly wasted one; he might have done so much better.

* * * * * *

Once again there was a silence, broken only by William, otherwise Billy, otherwise the Blood-Stained, likewise the Bespattered, dashing his brain-pan violently upon the table.

"Wherefore, O William?" murmured his comrade.

"Oh, Alexdryandry!" sobbed the wretched rag of a boy; "never, no, never again, will I tread the paths of crime. No more shall my name be a terror to the good and virtuous, harmless and forlorn. These hands, hitherto so often gory——"

But here Alexandry let him have a pea from a popgun on the tip of his nose.

"Oh, you *are* a HASS!" cried Alexandry; "why, you've never done nothink."

* * * * * *

Again a silence. And then again those two boys were down among the table legs fourteen to the dozen.

(Something altogether surprising next week).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** **Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course.**

J. CUSSANS (Woodford).—*No room for your lines.*——L. S. D. (East Rd., N.).—*You are mistaken. We did not deviate from our usual rule in the Prize Competition you mention. Iboy Mo doesn't waste his time making people fools; he devotes his talents to practising on all-the-year round lambs.*——CHOPSTICKS (Ealing).—*The* "HALF-HOLIDAY" *is not bound in volume form. You had bettter save the numbers, and have them bound yourself, so as you can show your great grandchildren what made you live to such a patriarchal age.*——WM. GEORGE WATSON (Obridge, Crouch Hill).—*The "Grand Old Sloper" thanks you for your offer, and is sorry he cannot use your contribution*——C. G. B. (Shepherd's Bush).—*It is very mean of you to try and palm off a copied sketch as an original one.*——"HORSEY-BEGGAR" (Edinburgh).—*Snatcher's breed is an inscrutable mystery; learned vets. have gone mad trying to discover it. There never was such a dog, and there never will be such another.*——PEPPINO.—*Did you think to make* ALLY *a "Poisson d'Avril?"*——E. F. EXTON (Blandford Square, N.W.).—*Sorry we cannot give you the* "Award of Merit."——DICK DARE (Gorton).—*You have the Eminent's hearty permission to call your club the "Sloper's."*——DOLLIE (Grange Rd., S.E.).—*Most Adorable Dollie, you had better call on* ALLY, *and then the* "Award of Merit" *can be discussed.*——C. W. W. (East Moulsey).—*Surely you are joking!*——JOHN O. MORGAN (Swindletown).—*We don't recollect receiving the witty letter you mention. It is always our aim to treat our readers with courtesy.*——ANON.—*Thanks for the German paper.*——EDWARD HEINS (Glasgow).—*Your offer is declined with thanks.*

Rates of Subscription for "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

To any part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada, and United States of America, post-free:

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SLOPER ALPHABET.

Each Line must commence with a letter of the Alphabet, and go right through the Twenty-Six Letters in their proper order, thus:—

A .....

B .....

C .....

and so on to Z.

Please address all Competitions to

ALPHABET,
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** *The List will close* SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9TH.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Chairman of "free-and-easy" (to Jinks, who has just taken a newspaper from his pocket, and reads).—"Mister Jinks, no readin' *allowed*, if you please."

Jinks.—"I ain't readin' *aloud*, ham I?"

* * *

A BUTCHER, who was recently charged with having his scales unjust, through a piece of lead being placed under them, must find false weight vastly profitable. Though five times previously convicted, he sauntered into the police court with a contented self-satisfied smirk on his face. "You are fined £5 and costs," said the Bench. "Thankee, yer washups," replied the butcher, bowing politely. "Next time," thundered the Bench, angrily, "next time, we shall inflict the full penalty of £10." "That will be in a very few days, yer washups," answered the man of meat, with sunny beam. "Good mornin' to you."

FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 127.—The "Fern Leaf" Costume.

MAUDLIN AGITATORS; OR, A KISS FOR A BLOW.
"I'm sorry," said the agitator, as he held the cool handle of his umbrella to his closed eye, "you were so hasty, friend, as I intended to trust you." At these words the poor fellow fell in tears at the agitator's feet.

ONE FOR HIS HEEL.
This is not a Cribbist, but a portrait of an actor in acute pain, caused by a clumsy scene-shifter.

A BEAUTIFUL STUDY IN "BLACK AND WHITE."
Though outwardly showing an austere and dignified attitude, the old boy was inwardly *smacking his lips.* This is only another form of "*Clerico-cogerism.*"

THE THIRD QUARTER
Represents the English "Sinbad" with the "Old Man of Rates and Taxes" on his shoulders, *à la* the "Arabian Night's."

PLAYFULNESS AMONG THE ALPS.
"Now, you naughty thing, you, I'm going to jump. Do you think you can catch me?"

"PA, dear," cried his youthful son and heir, as he passed his plate for a third helping of pudding, "how is it that the summer this year has gone so quickly?"

"Pa" thought his hardest. Then he exclaimed triumphantly, "I've got it; why, Peter, because it is a *summary proceeding.*"

"Not so bad—for *you*," said the youthful son and heir. "But that's not the answer. This summer has gone so quickly because, don't you see, there has been so often *an evening mist.*"

Peter's pa dried up.

* * *

A PEBBLED beach with spreading reach
Of gold sands waved like maidens' hair,
The far sea's hue of tender blue
Lies like a ribbon over there.

The broad red sun has just begun
To climb adown the dappled sky;
Shrill seagulls scream,—like silver gleam
Their wings as they go wheeling by.

Sky's crimson grows to palest rose;
The fort booms out the evening gun;
On homeward way the cattle stray
Across the pastures, one by one.

* * *

THERE is a man now residing in Bloomsbury who, having been ordered by his doctor to drink a certain French water, declares he really can't swallow it, it is such Vichy-vashy stuff. This man is evidently such a donkey he should go to Pot-ass.

* * *

OCTOBER.—Family plate will be valued in the back parlours of marine store dealers. Dew will be profuse on convicted prisoners' foreheads. Gentlemen who are in debt will get into easy water by borrowing more than they owe. Vague, menacing, and bloodthirsty threats will be heard in Whitechapel. A high personage in China is threatened with an attack of hot roast pork towards the end of this month. An acrimonious debate on the important question of a new sealskin sacque will occur in Pimlico. Several City merchants will find the policy of honesty open to objections. Servants will continue to smash crockery by tumbling over cats.

* * *

Scene: Army and Navy Stores.

Attendant. We keep some very nice sherbet in stock, Captain; you can buy it by the ounce, or by the pound in a bottle, sir; bottles included, of course.

[*Then Captain De Montjoie Baker, who seldom drinks anything weaker than brandy, dashed with cayenne pepper, gasped, turned giddy, and fainted on the spot. The gallant Captain subsequently informed a friend that such a shock is too much for any fellow's nerves to stand.*

* * *

A CHEMIST has recently obtained a patent for a curious invention, namely, for the decomposition of atmospheric air. What air is to be decomposed for nobody exactly knows, but if the patentee can apply his process to some of the great cities, where the air wants decomposing very badly, and eliminate the objectionable elements before he puts it together again, it would not be such a bad idea.

* * *

SWIFT comes our Summer, her faint breath is burning
With living fever; see the corn-fields turning
To amber. Sheets of lightning in the even
Illumine heaven.

Next Autumn with his sickle. Crowned with leaves
He leads the reaper's dance, or binds the sheaves;
The sunburnt nuts, loose from their withered sheath,
Lie all ungathered on the moss beneath.

The feathered barley in the granary fast,
Autumn rejoins his brethren in the past;
A chilly breath comes shuddering o'er the plain—
My flannel waistcoat I must wear again!

* * *

IT has been urged by the hypercritical that the odours wafted on the evening zephyr from the fish-shop at the corner do not enhance the charms of "The Sloperies," which has possibly odours enough of its own; but to A. SLOPER there is poetry even in this, and he maintains that the frying of "chips" upon a French plan imparts a kind of liveliness to the neighbourhood which will be missed when the shop is shut up.

* * *

A TINY thread of gold supporting a solitaire diamond is now the favourite engagement ring. The advocate of the abolition of action for breach of promise would find in this a most appropriate emblem, for nothing could be more easy to break or difficult to remedy.

* * *

WHAT with the dust, the drains, and one thing and the other, the Season at Brighton does not appear to be setting in with its usual severity. Mrs. S. hears of several lodging-house keepers on the King's Road, who, having been recently sold up, call it a bad *seiseside* season.

* * *

To young men cherishing illusions who only run to upper galleries, A. SLOPER would say, "Do not repine! The upper gallery is the place *par excellence* to see the ballet from; and if you don't believe A. SLOPER, any elderly maiden relative you may chance to possess will, A. SLOPER unhesitatingly predicts, entirely coincide with his sentiments upon the subject."

* * *

'Tis Ten Pounds Three he owes to me;
I never yet could find him,
Till swimming wide this morning's tide,
I dived up close behind him.
He swam (the knave) across *my* wave,—
We'd nothing on but water;
Then I begun the man to dun,
And thought that he was caught—ah!
"Pray pardon me," I said, "you see,
I doubted if you knew me;
But as you do, I'll trouble you
For that amount that's due me!"
"Ah, yes," he said, and ducked his head,
"But surely you don't doubt me!
A cheque I'd give you, as I live,
Had I my book about me!"
What could I say? *He* swam away,
So now I'll drop the curtain,—
For me no fun! I tried to dun,
But I was done for certain.

* * *

SOMEONE has suggested that if the inventor of the phonograph would bring out a little machine to be attached to the front door, which would say, when the landlord called for the rent, "Come again next month," it would have a good sale. So it would; and if he wanted a name for it, he might call it the Postponograph.

* * *

"IN consequence of the depressed state of the home markets," says a report, "tea is going down steadily." But, when you come to think it over, is it not the tendency of tea always to go down?

* * *

WHY should very matrimonially-inclined young ladies, when they go to the theatre, always take care to be in their seats before the rise of the curtain?—The answer is obvious:—Because they then have the chance of an overture.

* * *

A MEANS has at last been invented to make money go a long way. It is simply the 100-ton gun, which will fire five pounds' worth of iron six miles and a half in fifty seconds. If that is not making money go a long way, perhaps some one will say what it is.

* * *

A German astronomer has recently discovered "a new crater in the moon." We are glad to hear this on account of the man who has been so long the solitary resident of this popular luminary. But he does not give us the sex of this new *crater.* We would not *come it* too strong, but how we should like to *meet yer* (meteo)!

B L

TOOTSIE AT ABERYSTWITH.

We are here. We are very much here indeed, and in large numbers, and, for my part, I wish I was at home again.

I must confess (only let it be in a whisper) that until I started for Aberystwith I had never even heard its name, and had not the remotest notion where it was. When I imparted this information to a native masher he fell flat. He was born there, and had lived there all his life. He said, "Where do you come from?" I said, "I come from town, of course." He said, "What town?" I said, "London, of course." He said, "London? Where's that?" I thought it beneath me to reply.

The trio gather star fishes as souvenirs.

Aberystwith, if you don't know, is situated on the mouth of the Ystwth. Everybody knows the Ystwth. Ask the first person you meet.

There is plenty to see at Aberystwith. There are the castle, the beach, the promenade pier, the reservoir, and the view, or you can take walks out of the town. The castle was built by Gilbert de Strongbow, and knocked down into the ruin you will find it by Oliver Cromwell.

There are familiar names to be found hereabouts. There are Constitution Hill and Bow Street. The Thunder Hole should be visited, and you should, if possible, picnic on the sands. The guide-book says, "At low water a picnic party might find ample amusement to wile away several hours. The geologist of the party would be delighted with the stratification of the rocks, and the action of water on the glacial deposits; the sportsman might be able to bag a cormorant; Master Tom could catch prawns in the pools; and while the matrons were preparing a repast, Algernon and Angelina might isolate themselves, on the pretext of wanting to make a collection of the rich variety of seaweeds which abound among the reefs of rock on the shore." Bob, Billy, the Dook and I picnicked there, and afterwards they gathered star-fishes, whilst I picked up some pebbles to take home as souvenirs for Pa and Ma, and Alexandry and William, and Auntie and Evelina, which will do just as well as spending money buying stupid presents, for surely the value of a gift does not mean merely what it cost, and if they look at it from that selfish point of view serve them right; besides, I am dreadfully short of things myself, and really haven't a shoe to my foot.

Tootsie picketh pebbles on the sands.

Be sure not to miss visiting the Devil's—his own—Bridge. The history of its construction is that,

"Old Megan Llandunnach of Pont-y Mynach
Had lost her only cow.
Across the ravine the cow was seen,
But to get it she could not tell how."

But the Devil appeared, just dressed as he is at the Lyceum Theatre, and said, "Old girl, just to oblige you, I will fling a bridge across the chasm of 114 feet, on one condition, and that is, that the first thing that crosses over becomes for ever and ever mine." "All right, sonny," responded the old girl, "Up with the bridge; I'm on." So the devil upped with it, accordingly; (he was seemingly fonder of old girls than the one at the Lyceum), and then what do you think she did? Says the poet,

"In her pocket she fumbled,
a crust out
she tumbled,
And called her
little black
cur;
The crust over
she threw, the
dog after it
flew,
Says she, 'The
dog's yours,
crafty sir.'"

United again; homeward bound.

"Sneaky thing to do to the dog," says Billy. * * * *

But we are off home. My seaside holidays are at an end. We have packed up. We are in the carriage. I'm not sorry.

EACH WEEK'S COMPETITION COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."
ALEXANDRY.

TWENTY REAL SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH.

Guaranteed to keep perfect time.

With this week's "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," TWENTY "SLOPER" WATCHES *will be given away to Purchasers of the Paper only.*

Each watch is REAL SILVER *(not Nickel Silver) and will have engraved upon it a faithful likeness of* A. SLOPER, ESQ., *Friend of Man. The way to obtain a* "SLOPER" *Watch is to purchase a copy of* "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," *and cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:—*

THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C

Of course, the number of Applications are greatly in excess of the number of Watches given away each week. But inasmuch as no Applicant will ever receive more than one Watch in course of time every purchaser of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" *who wants a* "SLOPER" *Watch will get one. The qualifications of the Applicant, as stated on Label printed below, will be the Judges' guide.*

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday, October 2nd, 1886.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Age.....

Occupation, if any.....

How many times applied.....

How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday".....

The results of each week's Competition will be published in "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," *giving the Names and Addresses of the Successful Competitors, also their Qualifications.* "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" *is Published Every Thursday Morning, and all Applications must be at "The Sloperies" by the following Wednesday evening. The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, October 6th, 1886. The Result of the Competition of Sept. 25th will be published in the* "HALF-HOLIDAY" *for October 9th.*

*** Specimen "SLOPER" WATCHES are on view at "The Sloperies," and the Proprietor is anxious to impress upon the Public the fact that the Watches are REAL SILVER AND NOT NICKEL SILVER.

RESULT OF SEPTEMBER 18th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded

"SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. JAMES EDWARDS, Paymaster-Sergeant, Grenadier Guards, Horse Guards. Age, 33 years. Subscriber—since Oct. 1884. LONDON.
2. WILLIE BUTLER, Schoolboy, 3 Carlton Terrace, Hanover Road, Paddington. Age, 13 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LONDON.
3. CHARLES WILLIAMS, Builder, 1 Bury Terrace, Farnsby Street. Age, 38 years. Subscriber—about two years. NEW SWINDON.
4. HERBERT JAMES BIRD, Oilman's Assistant, 37 Cranmer Road. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—since No. 1. CROYDON.
5. JAMES RUTHERFORD, Shoemaker, 2 Gladstone Street. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—irregular since commencement; regularly nearly six months. HAWICK.
6. MINNIE BUNCLARK, Schoolgirl, 9 Torchurch Road, Torre. Age, 13 years. Subscriber—15 months. TORQUAY.
7. JOSEPH FOSTER; Compositor, *Hunts Guardian* Office, Bullock Market. Age, 15 years. Subscriber—15 months. ST. IVES.
8. E. N. CORDINER, Clerk, 222 High Street. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—2 years. MONTROSE.
9. FANNIE NEWCOMBE, Governess, Idrone Cottage. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—since August 1885. NENAGH.
10. E. CORNISH, 3 St. Mary's Place. Age, 15 years. Subscriber—2 years. PENZANCE.
11. NELLIE SHELLAM, Shop Assistant, 158 Commercial Road. Age, 15 years. Subscriber—12 months. NEWPORT.
12. WALTER H. ARCHER, Butcher, King Street. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—2 years. SAFFRON WALDEN.
13. J. H. GARRETT, Tailor, St. O. Scythe's Lane. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—2 years. OUNDLE.
14. SALLIE PUDDICOMBE, 31 King Street. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—2 years. CARMARTHEN.
15. THOMAS C. WILLIAMSON, Benson's Green. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—2 years regular; irregular since commencement. KENDAL.
16. SAMUEL R. SMITH, Assistant Master, Ashley. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—18 months. MARKET HARBORO'.
17. HENRY WICKENS, Agent to Prudential Assurance Company, 4 Barrington Road. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—18 months. HORSHAM.
18. AMY BELL, Dressmaker, 3 Nelson Place, Lower Canal Walk. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—1 year and 7 months. SOUTHAMPTON.
19. GEORGE GIBBS, Police Constable, Police Station. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—over 2 years regular. NEWBURY.
20. WILLIAM FREDERICK COBB, Able Seaman, Medway Surveying Cutter, H.M.S. *Pembroke*. Age, 23 years and 6 months. Subscriber—16 months. CHATHAM.

GRATIS SUPPLEMENT

with "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," *for October 23rd.*

Commencement of a Series of Supplements,

ENTITLED

"HEADS OF THE PEOPLE."

No. 1, Ready October 23rd, 1886,

A. SLOPER, Esq.,

THE UNIVERSAL WATCH-PROVIDER.

** *This Special Plate, drawn by* W. G. BAXTER, *measures* 10¾ × 15 *inches, and is the largest and best portrait of the* Friend of Man *published.* "NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT."—A. SLOPER.

ORDER EARLY.

THE LADY OUT OF SEASON.

Sweet Fredegonde!

Why was she born so lovely? Sweet, dear greengage one, with cream on the top of it.

"Now we are at our place, dear Wilfrid," she said, "now we are in the sweet seclusion of the country, we can do as we please."

In her light morning robe she was seated in *négligé* fashion on a tall rocking stool. Ah! you would have seen her beauty had you seen her rocking to and fro.

The gardeners left off mowing the lawn, and looked towards her.

She smiled on the poor simple rustics, and rocked all the harder.

"Fredegonde," said Lord Wilfrid, "excuse me mentioning it, but when you rock so hard on that stool there is a revelation of more than your boot-heels."

She turned round and slapped him, and strained his tailor's goods.

She rocked all the more. The gardeners looked towards her.

She was seated on a tall rocking stool.

The birds sung in the trees. Cold-hearted, unsympathetic man.

"In the dear simple country there should be no restraint."

"Fredegonde," said Wilfrid, the next morning, "if you do not mind, my ownest, although your bathing-dress is doubtless charming, I wish you would not bathe in the pond on the lawn. I heard Jones the curate ask yesterday which was the best place in the neighbourhood to buy a second-hand telescope."

"Do not be so absurdly prejudiced, Wilfrid," said Fredegonde. "The poor man seldom sees any society, and it's quite a change for him for us to show ourselves here."

Wilfrid had no soul. He said,

"You might amuse yourself, my ownest, in a way a great deal more befitting. Something tasteful, artistic, or instructive."

"Let us have a scene from Shakespeare in the Park." Fredegonde smiled with some meaning and looked at her cousin Frederick, who was standing nigh.

Lord Wilfrid had to be away for a day or two.

She came out very strong as Ariel.

"We'll get up everything very nicely in your absence," said Frederick.

Fredegonde was dressed and came out very strong as Ariel.

All the country people were in the Park. All the young men strained their eyes until they nearly flew out of their sockets.

"Come unto these yellow sands," sang Fredegonde. To make it the more natural, she came climbing down a gnarled old oak.

Wilfrid scowled with deadly rage.

She was clad in a simple gauze costume with silver wings.

"Oh, such tootsies!" cried Frederick; "I can go no further. It makes me feel quite bad to see so much loveliness."

"If I had the heart to do it," muttered the jealous husband between his teeth, "I would slap you well."

When the play was over, Fredegonde came round and talked to her guests.

"Did you ever . "

"No, I never."

Then the women spoke together.

"If she were spread on bread, we could cut her as the choicest of Crosse and Blackwell's marmalade or Moir's jellies."

"I shall do what I like in the country," said Fredegonde.

"You shall not," yelled Wilfrid, and, rushing from the room, he flung himself on a lounge, seized a brandy and soda, and devoured it to the last drop.

Fredegonde's cousins came to see her Sweet, dainty girls! They wore very modern evening dress.

"I do not like the *embon*point or the joke," said Wilfrid, attempting to be witty.

The girls were angered. They joined with Fredegonde against her husband. One night he said he would walk through the Park.

He came home sobbing. His coat was torn to bits. His waistcoat was torn to bits. Even his argosy braces had been rent into inches.

He sobbed as he entered the hall. He had been attacked by masked females, and severely maltreated.

There was a smile of triumph on Fredegonde's face next morning.

In the Park were found two fans with the handles broken, a powder-puff, half a score of hair-pins, and some lace edging.

Attacked by masked females.

They must have given it him well.

"Out of the season I shall do as I like," said Fredegonde.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE McNAGGINSES, THIS SEASON, AT BROADSTAIRS.
"Looking out for Russian cruisers, indeed—I'll Russian cruiser him!" said Mrs. McN. [*And she did too—rather!*

CRIME IN FRANCE.
Mrs. Sloper says "the goings on is something hawful!"

WHAT MAY BE CALLED CHEEK.
Mr. Stiffun was about to start for the City, when Betsy, the upper housemaid, called his attention to her house-shoes, said she gave seven and six for them yesterday, and did he think it too much?

THE LATEST CRAZE.
"Palmistry! Come on, Old Codger, we're on the job!"

OUR AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.

1. Yes, the members of our Amateur Dramatic Club, are a clever family, they are. Of course, the usual little inconsistencies occur sometimes, only to be found in and peculiar to the amateur. For instance, this is Gorseberry, our Macbeth. Hardly the muscular Thane, do you think?

2. These are Bonsor, our leading melodrama, and Wyffin (comedy), both first-class actors, but their faults lay in their make-up. Be the former struggling with policemen or the military, or escaping from a convict prison or lunatic asylum, he *will* keep his hair parted down the middle, and carefully arranged; and the latter, it does not matter what period, will tuck his wig behind his ears for effect, and this is *never* done on the regular stage, now, is it?

3. Now, you know, neither do virtuous and sturdy-going farmers place their soft felt hats on one side of their heads in a brigand fashion. Still, Fluker, who plays these parts, persists in wearing his thus.

4. And why will amateur supers—for in our club we have members who take subordinate parts—be so unconcerned while some stirring action is going on? This little group is witnessing a mortal struggle which is taking place in the centre of the stage.

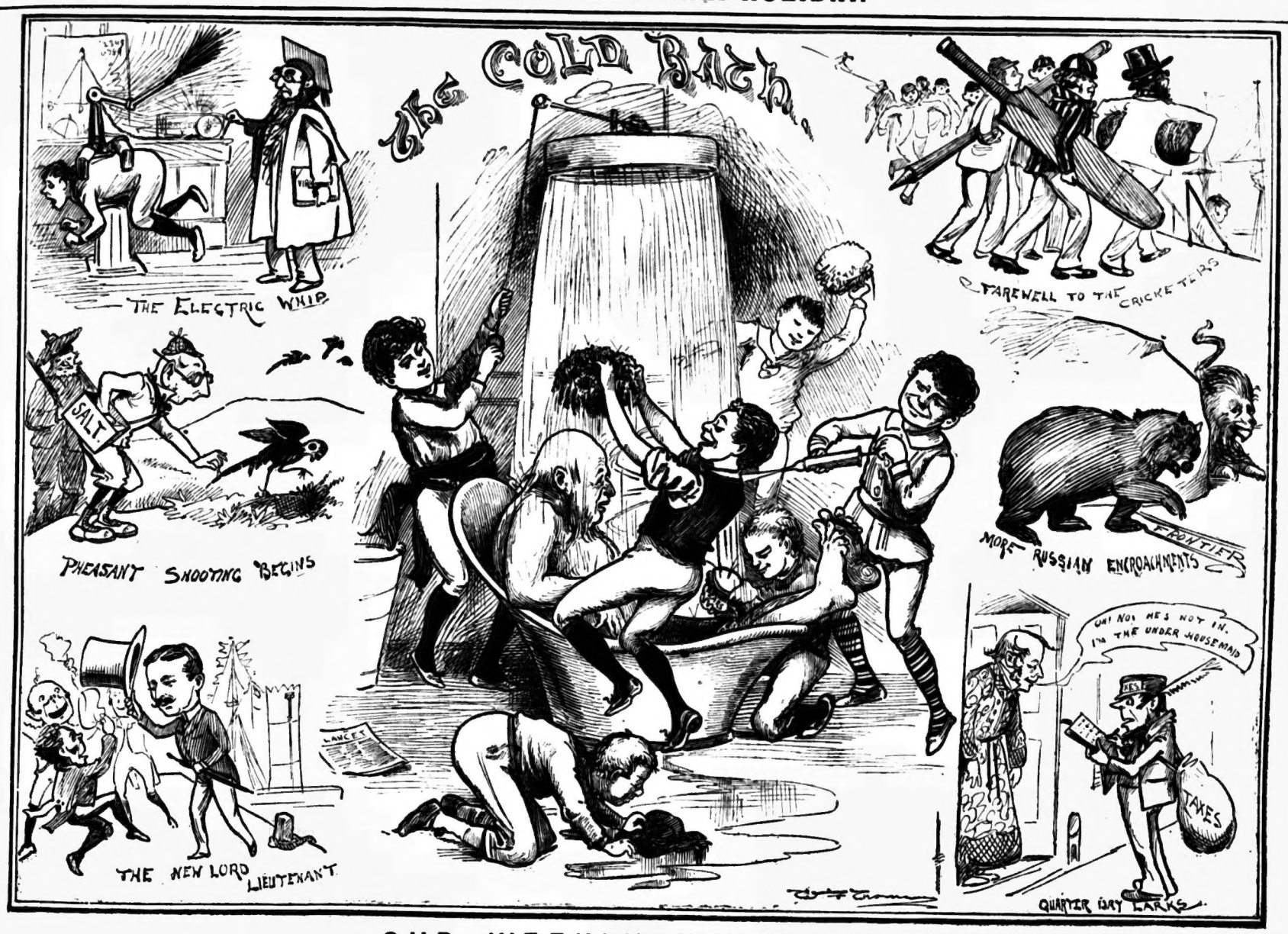
5. It is just the same with the ladies. This represents a batch of our A.D.C. lady peasants surprised and deeply touched at the fact that the heroine, their companion of former, and to her, happier days, has just returned in picturesque rags to die penitent and starving at her hard, unrelenting, and unforgiving parents' feet.

6. And from a side-box you never see people waiting to come on, as you do at our club shows. In this case, some one on the stage is saying, "Here she comes, tripping across the green in all her rustic simplicity!" Ours is a good club; 'tis a pity they do things we *never* see done on the real stage.

THE WISE CHILD.
Lady Teacher (at a Sunday School). It's very wrong of you, John Styles, not to try and remember who made you. I daresay this little fellow here, who is half your age, can tell me.
Styles (who grew up afterwards, and came to a bad end). Well, so he oughter. It ain't half the time ago since he were made.

THE LAWN-TENNIS BEAUTY.
A. SLOPER, Esq., wants to know why the Hon. Billy said, "Vain as a Peacock"?

THE BUSINESS OF MARRIAGE.
(Jones explaining it to his bachelor friends.)
"To love your wife, to give her everything she asks, and get 'jumped on' in return."



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Once more, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are here. This week with *The Electric Whip as an excellent Substitute for the Cane; One Way of Capturing the wily Pheasant on the Moors; The Enthusiastic Reception to Lord Londonderry; The Cold Water Bath as a Health Restorer* (see the *Lancet*); *The Departure of English Cricketers for Australia; The Russian Bear again feels the Pangs of Hunger;* and *The way to bamboozle the Tax-Collector on Quarter-day.* Next week we shall try again with something good.

AFTER THAT HORRID RAILWAY JOURNEY.

They reposed themselves by the sea, and read "Moths." Very wise of them, eh?

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

"It seems hardly possible that so much loveliness can flirt with the Human Ape of the nineteenth century."—*Shoe Lane Clipper.*

ROBIN'S REASON WHY.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

MICHAELMAS, as most people are aware, is noted for its geese, of which there are sundry varieties. The most prominent one at this time of year is the one that pays his rent immediately on it becoming due. There are a good many of this species about. The Sloperian Staff, however, we are proud to say, does not include such imbeciles. It is the boast of every member thereof never to pay for anything if they can manage to get it without, and, believing in the old motto, "Delays are dangerous," frequent "night evaporations" take place among them.

* * *

TOTTIE GOODENOUGH and Lardi Longsox had a most enjoyable dance at the Albert Rooms, the other night, at the invitation of Messrs. J. Arnold and F. Wyatt. Both ladies looked very charming, and were each proposed to many times during the evening, much to Billy's annoyance, who came up to town specially, and who has a "sneaking kindness," so to speak, for both of them.

* * *

TOOTSIE recommends all well-regulated girls to read "Brighton Ballads," written by W. N. Stedman, and published by the City of London Publishing Company. The little book is dedicated to the Right Hon. W. T. Marriott, Q.C., the Member for Brighton, who is on most intimate terms with A. SLOPER, so intimate in fact, that he forgot to acknowledge the "Award of Merit" which was conferred upon him some time back. Naughty, forgetful Mr. Marriott!

* * *

ONCE upon a time, long ago, the British Isles formed an integral part of the Continent. In those days the migratory animals of Europe were wont to make excursions to Great Britain, and, among others the rats of Norway, when their numbers swelled beyond the means of subsistence in Scandinavia, used to "trek" in great armies westward to Scotland. It was the traditional policy, the ancient and established policy, of the rats of Norway to make this migration, and the habit constantly followed became as fixed in the constitution of the rats as their spines.

* * *

WE are now in the midst of the season for Autumn manœuvres, and all the great military powers of the continent are inviting each other's representatives to come and see some of the latest ideas on war which each army has to show to its fellows. On the whole, it may be said that the influence of the Autumn manœuvres is in the direction of peace. In proportion as the foreign officers who attend are able to report that the army they visit appears to be well prepared, so will the disinclination to attack it. Not many foreigners are likely to be struck with our manœuvres, as the army we are able to show is very small when compared to other countries.

* * *

AN important and interesting addition to the attractions of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition has been made by the arrival of the regalia captured from the Palace of Mandalay, formerly the residence of the deposed King of Burmah, Theebaw. The collection has been lent to the Exhibition by the Secretary of State for India, and apart from its historic interest, is striking on account of its great intrinsic value. The exhibit has been placed at the eastern end of the Ceylon court, where it fills six large cases. When the Exhibition at South Kensington closes, the regalia will form part of the "Sloper Relics."

* * *

THE amusement of pelting passing trains with stones had a relish for a time among "incorrigible juvenile offenders," but the novelty has now worn off, and the light-hearted British boy votes it a stupid pastime. The latest joke is much easier of accomplishment. It consists in jerking the signal wires when no one is looking, thereby making the signal arm jump about in the oddest way. Of course, the eccentric gyrations greatly puzzle the drivers of approaching trains, who probably have great thoughts of earthquakes and things of that sort. Altogether it's great fun!

* * *

THERE are some uncommonly precocious boys in this country, Uncle Boffin remarked, when he heard of the lad, ten years of age, who got into an inn stable at Penistone, saddled a mare worth £30, rode her to Huddersfield, engaged a stable for her, washed her legs, and then endeavoured to sell her for thirty guineas, but whose very promising *début* was cut short by the birch rod.

* * *

As it is now getting rather too late in the season to visit any of our English seaside places, the best plan for people who can afford it is to go to one of the French spas. There, at any rate, they will be certain of enjoying themselves to their heart's content. For the fair ones, whether old or young, the bathing affords great pleasure, as they can dress how they like. Perhaps if some of them would put a little more on it would be better. But no matter.

* * *

THE Eminent had a firm old pong at Mr. Charles Ackland's benefit at the North Woolwich Gardens last week. One of the features of the N. W. G. is the gay and festive masquerade ball. ALLY says he likes masquerade balls as a rule, because you can say things to the fair ones, and it doesn't make them blush. If Mrs. S. only heard him say this, broom handles could never do the work required.

* * *

CHARLIE COLLETTE's been going it. Within a week he was the guest of the Midland Conservative Club, at Birmingham, where over 400 members (more or less known ones,) assembled "to assist;" he took the first of this season's smoking concerts at the Bristol Arts' Club; he spent four days with The Friend of Man at "The Sloperies," looking at the "Relics," and acting every night at the Grand at Islington. Charlie, Charlie, do be careful, or you'll knock yourself up.

SURELY the "unco' guid" ought to be satisfied with the result of their agitation against "kissing games." A large conference of Sunday-school teachers was held recently, at which, according to the report of a discussion on amusements "kiss-in-the-ring" found only one defender. Tootsie wants to know what is kissing after all? A person places his closed lips against the outer cuticle of some nice girl. He then opens them, at the same time drawing in his breath. If it either pleases or amuses him what harm can it do to the person thus operated upon? Curiously enough, however, the "person," as a rule, likes it.

* * *

"The most effective and elegant little creeper for the house-wall is the *Ampelopsis Veitchii*. Another is the *Clemat s Jackmanni*, but for inside the house nothing beats the *Ficus elastica*." Blessed dictionaries, what are the papers coming to? We do not so much object to the *Clematis Jackmanni*—there is a sweet familiarity about it,—but the *Ampelopsis Veitchii* and the *Ficus elastica* are sufficient to make a man seize his hat, and fly wildly through London in a search after the *rum shrubbi*, or that fearsome creeper the *delirium tremens*.

* * *

THE working classes in the American Pacific States have long lived in dread of being ruined by Chinese cheap labour; but if M. Victor Meunier, of the *Rappel*, gets his way, a yet more serious fate is in store for them. According to this gentleman, who has, he says, made a serious study of the matter for years past—*ever since the time when he had the good fortune to be brought into familiar relations with a young chimpansee*—the industries of the future will be conducted by machinery controlled in its motion by domesticated apes. To secure a suitable ape it is necessary to take him in hand from his earliest years and prevent him from developing the bestial habit of going on all fours.

* * *

ONE of the readiest forms of street-conjuring, and one which seldom fails in its object, is the purse trick. The beauty of the trick consists in making your victim think that you are a bigger fool than himself. You pretend to be so far deprived of reason as to offer him gold for brass. He accepts, and then finds out that the exchange has gone the other way. For the complete success of the trick it is necessary that the conjuror should himself disappear before his victim discovers how it is done. Almost worthy of Iky Moses.

* * *

THE earnest and respectful attention given to Mr. H. Hamilton's new play, *Harvest*, at the Princess's, on the first night, must be extremely gratifying to all who desire to encourage work on the stage which is as honest and pure as it is thoughtful and original. The representation is as good as it well can be. Miss Amy Roselle as Brenda makes a capital heroine. Mr. Dacre is best in the prologue. Miss Brough's Nora is full of sly fun; Mr. Hawtrey's Brooke is thoroughly natural, hearty, and unaffected; Miss Edith Chester plays very pretty as Lettice Vane, and Miss Carlotta Addison's study of the white-haired Miss Macleod presents a most gracious and lovable gentlewoman. The play is very handsomely and picturesquely mounted, and, altogether, can be considered a success.

* * *

THERE is said to be a belief among medical men that the first occupants of a new house in London must expect to be visited with sickness. The belief is likely enough to be well founded if the practice which, it seems, prevails in Bermondsey, is common among builders generally. The Friend of Man says, to mix mortar with sediment from the sewers is assuredly to tempt typhoid fever, or some other of the pests which go under the general name of filth diseases.

* * *

THERE is something novel and wonder-stirring about the recent experiences of a London servant-maid. This unconsciously enterprising damsel climbed out of her bed-room window on to the roof of the house and thence proceeded to walk over the tops of four other houses till she received a check by falling a distance of over 20 ft. on to a dustbin with sufficient force to break the lid to pieces. Nevertheless she did not wake; but on regaining her feet she walked on till she came to a railway, where at last she lay down to finish her night's rest. Here she was found by a policeman who was sent in search. "About as cool a bit of sleep-walking as was ever performed," remarked Mrs. Sloper, when she read the account in the D. T's as Poor Pa calls it.

* * *

THE letter which the Prince of Wales addressed to the Lord Mayor of London, recommending that an Imperial Institute of the Colonies and India should be founded in London as a Memorial of Her Majesty's Jubilee, does His Royal Highness immense credit. The Prince has on many occasions earned the special gratitude of the British people by taking the initiative in movements of national and Imperial importance. But it will be generally felt that the present proposal is one singularly felicitous and opportune.

* * *

MORE fighting at Belfast! If this kind of thing is not stopped, we shall have to borrow a hint from the Continent. Whenever a mob refuses to disperse, and persists in stone-throwing or other violent breach of the peace, a bugle should be sounded three times, and the th rd note the streets should be swept with a mitraille of bullets. This is severe, no doubt, but fair warning would be given, and there would be no need for a second round. Nothing can be more cruel than dawdling with disorder. It only means more killing in the long run, and wholesale demoralization.

A CHRONICLE OF OURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 9TH.

3rd October, 1877.—After an absence of two years, Blondin this day re-appeared at the Crystal Palace. The following account of the extraordinary feat on a rope is a verbatim extract from a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries: "When the King (Edward VI.) was advanced almost to St. George's Church, in Paul's Churchyard (continues the order of the procession), there was a rope as great as the cable of a ship, stretched in length, from the battlements of Paul's Churchyard, and with a great anchor at one end, fastened a little before Mr. Dean of Paul's house gate; and when his majesty approached near the same, there came a man, a stranger, being a native of Arragon, lying on a rope, his head forward, casting his arms and legs abroad, running on his breast on the rope, from the battlements to the ground, as if it had been an arrow out of a bow, and stayed on the ground; then he came to the king's majesty and kissed his foot, and so, after certain words to his highness, departed from him again, and went upwards upon the rope till he was come over the midst of the churchyard, where he, having a rope about him, played certain mysteries on the rope, as tumbling and casting one leg from another; then took he the rope and tied it to the cable, and tied himself by the right leg a little beneath the wrist of the foot, and hung by the one leg a certain space, and after recovered himself up again with the said rope, and unknit the knot and came down again, which stayed his majesty with all the train a good space of time."

4th October, 1704.—Alexander Selkirk, a Scottish mariner, was this day landed on the desert Island of Juan Fernandez, by orders of Captain Stradling, with whom he had a quarrel. He was given a fowling-piece and ammunition, and a very few necessaries. In this desolate situation he continued three years, subsisting on goats, fish and fruits. The first notice we find of anyone living alone on the Island of Juan Fernandez is in "A New Voyage Round the World, etc., etc.," by Captain William Dampier. He found there and liberated a Mosquito Indian, who had been on the island more than three years.

4th October, 1847.—This day at Clifton, a young lady, Miss Martha Welsh, fell from the highest part of the St. Vincent Rocks, and was found crushed to death at the bottom.

5th October, 1743.—The *Morning Post* of this date, noticing the death of Henry Carey, the popular wit, dramatic author, and musical composer, which occurred the previous day at his house in Great Warner Street, Coldbath Fields, says;—"He got out of bed from his wife in perfect health, and was soon after found dead. He left six children behind him." Carey was the composer of the favourite song, "Sally in our Alley." Mr. Chappell, in his "Collection of National Airs," unhesitatingly attributes to Henry Carey the authorship of "God Save the King." Carey wrote "Chrononpotonthologos" in 1734, to ridicule the style of tragedy then in vogue; and the year 1737 was rendered memorable at Covent Garden by the success of his burlesque opera, "The Dragon of Wantley."

5th October, 1866.—At an inquest held this day at Bradwell, Bucks, on the body of a child five years of age, which had died of hydrophobia, evidence was given of a practice almost incredible in civilized England. Sarah Mackness stated that, at the request of the mother of the deceased, she had fished the body of the dog by which the child had been bitten out of the river, and had extracted its liver, a slice of which she had frizzled before the fire, and had then given it to the child to be eaten with some bread. The dog had been drowned nine days before. The child eat the liver greedily, drank some tea afterwards, but died in spite of this strange specific.

6th October, 1843.—Mr. T. Raikes writes in his *Journal*, under this date:—"We dined with my old friend, General Sir A. Mackenzie, who is staying at Dover. He mentioned that when he was young, he was sent to the Military Academy at Angers, in France, which was then frequented by young Englishmen of family, on account of the attention paid to their military studies by the governor, Marquis de Pignerol, and a very fine *manège*, under the inspection of his brother, the Vicomte. The late Lord Thanet and his brother were there, and among others, Mr. Arthur Wellesley (now the Duke of Wellington). He was, at that time, rather of a weak constitution, not very attentive to his studies, and constantly occupied with a little terrier, called Vick, which followed him everywhere. On leaving college, Mackenzie travelled up to Paris with Mr. Wellesley, like young men whose means were limited; and they entered that city in a broken *cabriolet de poste*, where they put up at a mean sort of inn, near the Palais Royal. In 1815, the Duke was conqueror of France and Ambassador at Paris, and Mackenzie dined with him frequently. 'Thus,' said he, 'the only two periods at which I ever saw the Duke in Paris formed the most singular contrast in his position; at the one period he was obscure and unknown, at the other he was arrived at the highest pitch of human grandeur and celebrity.'"

7th October, 1836.—An explosion occurred this day at the South Metropolitan Gas Works on the bank of the Surrey Canal. The concussion of the air was so great that it was felt at Greenwich, Blackheath, Stepney, Shadwell, and even at Kensington. Gas was first used usefully in 1792 by Mr. W. Murdoch, at Redruth, in Cornwall. Twelve years later he applied it to the illumination of Messrs. Boulton and Watts' factory at Birmingham. In 1810 the London and Westminster Gaslight Company was incorporated, and in 1813 gas superseded the use of oil in certain London thoroughfares.

7th October, 1849.—Edgar Allen Poe, the American poet, died this day at Baltimore, aged 37. In the preparation of the foundation for his monument in the churchyard at Baltimore it was found necessary to remove his remains. The (N.Y.) *Sun* says:—"The coffin at first appearance seemed to be sound, but when raised the sides were found decayed, and fell to pieces. Nothing remained inside the coffin but the skeleton, all the flesh and grave clothes having long since returned to dust. Some hair yet attached to the skull, and the teeth, which appeared all white and perfect, were shaken out of the jaws, and lay on the bottom of the coffin. The old coffin and its contents were placed entire as exhumed in a wooden case, and lowered into the new grave and closed up."

8th October, 1672.—Evelyn, in his diary of this date, says:—"I took leave of my Lady Sunderland, who was going to Paris to my lord, now ambassador there. She made me stay dinner at Leicester House, and afterwards sent for Richardson, the famous fire-eater. He before us devoured brimstone on glowing coals, chewing and swallowing them. He melted a beer-glass and eat it quite up; then, taking a live coal on his tongue, he put on it a raw oyster. The coal was blown on with the bellows till it flamed and sparkled in his mouth, and so remained till the oyster gaped and was quite boiled. Then he melted pitch and wax with sulphur, which he drank down as it flamed. I saw it flaming in his mouth a good while."

9th October, 1839.—A box containing £5,000 in gold and notes, was this day stolen from the boot of the coach running between Manchester and the Potteries. In "Pen and Ink Sketches," Boston (U.S.A.), 1845, under the head of "A Literary Breakfast at Samuel Rogers'," we read:—"But there were two objects in the room (Rogers the poet's), which, more than any others, engrossed my attention: the one represented the enormous wealth of its possessor, and the other indicated his keen appreciation of the value of mind. These articles were simply two small pieces of paper in gold frames. One of them was a Bank of England note for *one million pounds sterling;* and the other, the original receipt of John Milton for five pounds (the sum he received for the copyright of "Paradise Lost" from Simmonds the bookseller). The bank note was one of the only four which were ever struck from a plate which was afterwards destroyed. The Rothschilds have one impression, the late Mr. Coutts had another, the Bank of England the third; and, as I have said, Mr. Rogers decorates his parlour with the remaining one. There it hangs, within anyone's reach—a fortune to many, but valueless to all excepting its owner. No one would think of stealing it, for it would be only as so much waste paper. It never could be negotiated without detection, and were it destroyed by fire, from its peculiar character, no loss would ensue to Mr. Rogers." Query: was this not probably a fac-simile of the note?

"I'LL DO THAT LITTLE LOT ON MY HEAD!"

"THREE months of hard labour for conduct so vile
Is your sentence," the magistrate said.
"All right," quoth the ruffian, with murderous smile,
"I'll do that little lot on my head!"

When he looked at the treadmill so lofty and grim,
And the oakum in hillocks so neat,
Said the pris'ner, "I'd rather not follow my whim—
I'll do that little lot on my feet."

"No, no!" said the gaoler, as frigid as stone,
"We will not by such pranks be misled;
A bargain's a bargain—and this is your own—
You'll do that little lot on your head."

On his head then they placed him, in spite of his tricks,
With the soles of his feet to the sky;
And he did his three months in that horrible fix,
While his pals all exclaimed, "What a guy!"

When his sentence was o'er he was sick of his freak,
And he heaved a deep sigh as he said,
"Oh! never again will I say to a 'Beak,'
I'll do that little lot on my head!"

A JOHNSONIAN ANECDOTE.

ONE afternoon, when Johnson was in a humour to find fault with anything and everything—with the sun for shining and the flowers for blooming—an old gentleman, a stranger, entered the room where the Doctor was sitting, and attempted to open a conversation. He tried the weather; Johnson grunted. Politics; and he groaned. Until at length he arrived at literature.

"A wonderful man, Dibdin, sir," observed the stranger, after a while. "A magnificent poet: marvellous capability of stirring up the feelings. Do you not agree with me, sir?"

"No, sir," roared the Doctor, "I do *not* agree with you."

"Why, sir? What possible fault can you discover in any of his nautical songs?"

"Every fault, sir!" exclaimed Johnson, savagely. "In every song. But take one for example, which fools like you make such a fuss about—'Poor Jack.' He writes: 'A sweet little cherub sits perched up aloft.' Now, sir, I ask you the simple question, not as a man of common sense, or you would not have annoyed me as you have done, but as a blatant ass, sir, I ask you the plain question: how on earth, or heaven either, for that matter, *can a cherub sit down?*"

Then, pausing for a moment to enjoy his adversary's bewilderment, the Doctor quitted the room, went home, and wrote out the definition of the word *ass*.

COLLERING.

THE last *levée* held by the Prince of Wales was a "Collar Day," and the Prince, offended at the lapse of memory in some of the Knights who had failed to decorate themselves with the full insignia of their respective orders, shook his head at the delinquents reproachfully. Anxious to divert the Heir Apparent, and at the same time obey the royal commands, I filled my pockets with the spoons, nutmeg-graters, and things that were lying about. "Collar Day, your Royal Highness," I said, with a wink, when he reproached me; "and I wish there were more of them." "Don't let it occur again," he answered, laughingly, "or you will find *I* spell it—choler." Neat for Royalty, wasn't it?

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address is enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A JOLLY LITTLE GIRL, aged 20, no fortune, nor any expectations of possessing one, but would make a loving and cheerful little help-mate, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman—one in the theatrical profession preferred—looks no object, but must be agreeable and genuine. Address—"STAR," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TWO GENTLEMEN, aged 21 and 22, with comfortable homes in Australia, tall, with fair complexions, fond of music and dancing, wish to correspond with two young ladies with view to matrimony, age not to exceed 20 years; must be good-looking; photos exchanged. Address "KANGAROO AND EMU," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 18 years, medium height, golden-brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, of independent means, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman in an honourable position; not over 25, tall and dark, with nice moustache, would be prefered. Photo to be sent, which would be returned if desired. Address—"CLEMMUD," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, age 23, height 5ft. 9in., rather light complexion, with a private income of £350 per annum, independent of business returns, would like to correspond with a young lady from 19 to 21; income no object. No notice taken of letters except accompanied by photo. Address—"RUSTIC," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 22, dark hair and eyes, considered good-looking, wishes to correspond with a gentleman aged about 25, with view to matrimony. Must be affectionate, fond of home and music, and able to play lawn-tennis. Money no object, as the lady has a private income of her own. No notice will be taken unless a photo is enclosed, which will be returned. Address—"KATIE H. C.," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. The young lady must be fair, and good-tempered, as advertiser is very jolly himself, and has a comfortable income. Please enclose photo, and address "FATHER THAMES," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TWO YOUNG LADIES would like to correspond with two gentlemen. They are both 19, brown hair and grey eyes, and accomplished. Please enclose photo, which will be returned. Address—"FLOSSIE AND LILLIE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A GENTLEMAN, 21, tall, dark, is desirous of corresponding with a lady; view, matrimony at an early date. One who would not object to go abroad. Advertiser is an Englishman, educated at Cambridge University, fond of music and of home, is highly connected in every way, has a life appointment under Government, resides abroad, but visits England occasionally. Letters in reply to this must be, *like this*, "bonâ fide." Please enclose photo, etc. Letters will be answered one month from date of postage (allowing time for foreign mail). Address—"BACHELOR OF ARTS," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** *NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.*

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

*** *In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire; but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter Box, and he therefore invites correspondence on all subjects.*

1 GRANGE VILLAS, LEYSFIELD ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, *September 14th*, 1886.

DEAR ALLY,—Knowing the interest taken by you in all works of philanthropy, you will no doubt be pleased to hear of our intention to again come before the public on behalf of the West London Hospital. We shall, therefore, have the pleasure to perform Lord Lytton's celebrated play, *The Lady of Lyons*, at the Athenæum, Shepherd's Bush, on Thursday, 7th October next.

We hope that the result of our efforts will be no less successful than it was on the former occasion in October last year, when we had the great satisfaction of remitting £23 17s. 11d. for the maintenance of this noble institution. We are encouraged in this hope when we remember the evidences of gratification with which our entertainment was received last year by a crowded audience. In the year 1885 1,269 in-patients and 14,933 out-patients were under treatment; no fewer than 327 were cases of severe accidents.

Many of your readers will no doubt be pleased to help us in our endeavour to benefit so good a cause, and we shall be glad to receive applications for tickets (1s., 2s., and 3s. each); or small donations will be thankfully received by Yours very faithfully,
MITCHELL & HILL.

NOTTINGHAM, *September 14th*, 1886.

DEAR OLD ALLY,—This comb was found in the back hair of Queen Boadicea, in the year 100, and is supposed to be the very one Alexander the Great played his first tune upon—"*Com(b)e* down and open the door, love," and "Look at the birds in the *hair*," being popular melodies in his day. It was sold to George III. for the small sum of 1,000 pounds *(of dirt)*, and was dirt cheap. I would not part with it for £5,000 to anybody but you; so kindly see that Blood-Stained Bill, or any of his lawless gang, does not get it. If they do, I shall *com(b)e* and *treat you* to three glasses of unsweetened, and *make you pay*. Yours truly, H. CLARK.

PANTYGWAIRLLANGWYRYFONLLANRHYSTYD, *vid* ABERYSTWYTH, WALES, *Sept. 16th*, 1886.

DEAR ALLY,—I send you a letter in Welsh, and I think, from the reasons I there mention, I deserve the "Award of Merit."

Rhoddwch i mi, os gwelwch yu dda yr "Award of Merit." Mae yu ddyledus i mi, o herwydd yr enw lle hwn yw gair esnwyth iawn I dweyd, hefyd, o herwydd yr wyf yu byw muy na 1,000 froedfedd uwchben y mor, ac hefyd, sherwydd mae fy mab Caradoc (5 mis oedd) yu edrych bob wythnos am yr "HALF-HOLIDAY," ac yu chwerthu yu drychynllyd a'r trwyn o ALLY. Carn i Tootsie.
Yr ydwyf, &c. WM. PERCY JONES.

A. SLOPER, Yew., Llundain.

P.S.—If ALLY can read this, I will send him a walking-stick made of bog oak, if he will send me the "Award of Merit."

7, WEST STREET, GLASGOW, *September 16th*, 1886.

DEAR ALLY,—I like't the "result" o' wan o' yer letters awfu weel, but, sae help "my ha'p'ny caunle," if I thocht there wis sich gowks leevin', as some o' yer correspondents. Wan says there's "so-an'-so," and ithers says "there's no'." Weel, I hae been an admirer o' yer paper for a lang time, an' on readin' the letters t'other week, I lookit ower a lot o' "ALLY SLOPER'S" I hid i' the house, an', dang me, if there wisna a corner withoot some sort o' "seasonin'" in it—and that's up tae yer face, tae, ALLY SLOPER. Noo, I wid jist say this, that me—an', I've nae doot, the maist o' yer readers—can gang as near a "hole" as ony yin, withoot gaun in a' thigither, an', anither thing, I dinna like my "tea ower sweet," but I like "some suger" in't, or I widna buy "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."
Yours, like anything, J. H. FRASER.

FORT BLOCKHOUSE, GOSPORT, HANTS, *September 16th*, 1886.

DEAR OLD ALLY,—Excuse me taking the liberty of penning you a few lines, but I feel it my duty to inform you that T.O.E. is the talk of Hampshire, owing to the 28th Company, Royal Engineers taking the liberty of christening their racing cutter "Ally Sloper."

I am more than pleased to apprise you that the above cutter has gained two hard-earned victories; at Southsea the crew had to compete against several crews from the Royal Yachts and Royal Navy; at Yarmouth, you being there on the day of the regatta, doubtless witnessed the exciting struggle.

I take the liberty of asking you to present our coxswain with the "Award of Merit," and I am sure it will be looked upon as a much greater prize than those already won. The crew were trained by Fawcett Dredge, R.E., an old and esteemed friend of yours. Kind regards to yourself and family.
From your old chum, DADDY, R.E.

J. B. MULHOLLAND'S "UNKNOWN" CO., NEW THEATRE, DEVONPORT, *September 17th*, 1886.

VENERABLE FRIEND OF MAN,—Being the advance guard of the above company in a pleasant and prosperous tour round the south coast, more especially in dear Devon, J. B. M. and myself would be glad to place a box at your disposal for any night (or any number of nights) your Eminence might condescend to patronise us. I also enclose a few complimentary bill orders, which might be accepted from the Friend of Man in exchange, say, for a little of the usual unsweetened.

"Oft in the stilly night" do I think what a noble looking advance agent you would make, a capacity in which you would not only prove yourself the Friend of Man, but also of all good mummers and mummeresses, especially the lowly, the mildewed, and moth-eaten.—Dear Friend of Man, yours tearfully,
R. ROGERS, Advance Agent.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WELL-BE(A)D herrings ought to know a thing or two, oughtn't they?

JOINT STOCK.—The material for ox-tail soup.

BY the way, did you ever hear of "clear" directions for turtle soup in a cookery book?

"I'D welt in Marble Halls," as the cobbler said.

RAP-PROBATES.—Runaway knockers.

A CURE FOR SULKS (FEMININE)—Silks.

IF wit is bad in age, what must it be in youth.

CAN you tell ALLY how it is a ballet-girl sometimes appears *au fait* when she can't dance a bit?

TO EPICURES.—Which is the most palatable: the jug-jug of the nightingale, or the jug of the hare?

A PUBLIC-HOUSE BAR—Want of money.

THE PLAIN TRUTH—There are very few pretty women.

IF you break your arm, don't use a gin sling.

WHAT ought always to be up to the mark—A bullet.

How to test the weight of a wall—Scale it.

A BAD POLICY—One that has run out.

WHEELS go best when they are thoroughly *tired*.

BLESSED are the Peacemakers—even if they make field-pieces.

How on earth is it that, at a party, the guests grow thin after supper?

IF a miser lives next door to you he must be a *near* neighbour.

QUERY from a Ready Writer—Can you buy the "Owl pen" at the Zoo.?

FOOD for Toadies—Sponge cake.

A HONEYMOON IN HIGHLOW TERRACE.

(Commenced in No. 124.)

CHAPTER II. *(Continued.)*

WE COME IN FOR A CURLY-TAILED DOG.

THE rest of the day is taken up in watching him eat, watching him while he is asleep, and seeing him wake up again. I think, after all, I can be fond of him, if he would not bark so much When supper time comes the man has not sent the beer. The road is rather lonely, and the girl does not like going for it. I don't like it either, but I go. I also, to save time, take a jug.

Carlo is waiting for me when I come back He is a good house dog. He mistakes me for a thief, and won't let me come in. I call to him. He goes on mistaking me. I try to open the gate. He has got me by the leg. Somehow the beer-jug gets broken

CHAPTER III.

WE HAVE ANOTHER PRESENT.

BY-THE-BYE, did I tell you I was a clerk in Couter and Philimsy's Bank, and that I am on extremely friendly terms with Mr. Simpson, the head cashier? If I have not told you, it is not because I have forgotten it, as, to speak candidly, my engagement there occupies so large a portion of my existence, I have hardly time to think of anything else. Indeed, I hardly understand now, how I found time to get married.

You may have noticed Mr. Simpson when you have come to our place, and if so, have no doubt observed that his head is very bald—as bald as the crust of a fruit tart, and very like it—I don't mean sugared, but bumpy; so when he says to me one morning, "Fullalove, my boy, I've got a little hair for you," I tell him I think he wants it more than I do, and I wink at his polished cranium.

"No, no!" says he, blushing all over the bumps, "hare, you know—a furry beast—hare without an i."

"Good gracious!" says I—I'm a great fellow for my joke, as you may have noticed—"what can I do with a blind and furry beast? I'm not the keeper of a menagerie."

Upon this he bursts out laughing, and presently producing the noble quadruped, I take it home after hours, dangling it proudly, and am pleased to fancy the boys in the street take me for a noble sportsman. When I get to Highlow Terrace there is great excitement. I fling my prize at Rose Anna's feet, and strike an attitude. Unhappily, Rose Anna is inclined to be nervous, and is frightened.

She wants to know whether it will bite. Satisfied of its harmlessness, she smiles through her tears, and timidly strokes it. She calls it "a poor itty ting:" she also playfully asks me what is "my little game;" and I find out now that she looks upon it as a rabbit. Upon my informing her of the truth, she says, "Are you sure?"

He has got me by the leg.

I regard the beast again, from a new point of view. *Am* I sure? I only go by what Mr. Simpson said; most likely he knew, unless he also went by hearsay. Under the circumstances, however, I feel I ought to know, and so stick to my previous statement, and say "undoubtedly" with decision.

The important question, however, is, what are we to do with the animal now we have got it? Rose Anna says, "Oh, hang it." I am surprised at this language, which sounds almost like an expletive, but presently a light dawns upon me; our servant Maria is of the party, and she adds, "Draw it."

Thinking I see a chance for one of my jokes, I add, "Quarter it."

Maria is waiting to know how we will have the hare cooked. Rose Anna appeals to me, and I suggest, "In the usual way." She, however, says, "Which way?" I tell her we'll think it over.

If it had been a rabbit it might have been done in a hundred different styles, as I have often read in a capital cookery book. I wish I had brought home the book at the same time as the hare. As it is, Maria's inquiries are rather a nuisance. Presently she is back again, wanting to know what she is to do with the fur. I fancy she is chaffing us, and say, "What do you mean? Take it off." But Rose Anna spoils all by speaking of it as if it were trying to pass a Civil Service examination, and says, "Pluck it."

I am uneasy about this observation, thinking she cannot have used the right phrase; and my suspicions are presently confirmed

I fling my prize at Rose Anna's feet.

by hearing explosions of mirth in the passage. I wish we had never taken Maria. She has a nasty jeering sort of way with her, to which I think I have already alluded; but to set this matter straight I say, in Rose Anna's defence, and in explanation to Maria, "That is the French way."

Maria replies, "It's a rum un;" but does not enlighten us any further.

(To be continued next week).

AUNT HIGGINS' MICHAELMAS GOOSE

"Is he fresh?" asked Aunt Higgins. "Lor bless yer, mum, smell him,' replied the gentleman. "I can't, I have such a cold," said Auntie. Auntie's sanitary arrangements have been under inspection since.

AT A "SLOCOLINDERY" BAR.

This is the one ALLY got mashed on. Although she offered ale she must have known he wanted unsweetened!

PADDY TO HIS LANDLORD.

"Arrah! if yez axes me for the rint, shure an' oi'll knock daylight into ye, ye spalpeen!"

ELDER McNAB OF THAT ILK ONCE MORE.

1. "Keep yer heed down, Tammie," said the Elder, "and mind what ye're aboot, or ye'll hae the Muckle Laird and the keepers after us in a minnit."—

2. When *bang* went the Elder's gun.

3. And Tammie McParritch said, "Ye've din for me noo. Just—ye—fit—that—on—the—way—ye—got—it—off, ye bad low fellah."

4. But the philosophical and disgusted Elder said, "It's time I was gaun hame noo, for it's impossible tae hit onything else when yer great lugs (ears) are near aboot."

5. But the Muckle Laird and his minions were in ambush for the trespassing miscreants.

6. "That's right, me lads," said the Laird; "I think *that* cap aboot fits; off wi' him as hard as ye can."

7. "Ah didna think," said the Laird, shortly afterwards, "that ah wad iver live tae dance a reel like this." And the quartette went homewards thus—chanting, "There's cauld kail in Aberdeen and castocks in Strashbogie."

THAT'S THE QUESTION.

Young Lady (who will grow up presently and know better). Yes, I did take away the engine! There! And Aunt Julianna says the big men are all fond of dolls, so why shouldn't the little boys be? and we girls ought not to have such friv—friv—frivey—something playthings.

ANOTHER MICHAELMAS GOOSE

RESULTS OF PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

THIS IS "SIMPSON"

As he appeared to our Milkman the other night, after that Alexandry had been amusing himself with the Pump.

[In a case heard at one of the Courts the other day, as to the ownership of a Milk-walk, one of the witnesses confessed that he kept upon his premises a certain material called "Simpson." Being pressed, he admitted that "Simpson" was cold water.—*Daily Paper.*]

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